January 12, 1983.

[redacted]

Clearwater, B. C., Can.

Mr. Munroe,

It has been on my mind to write a letter to you for some time now, but I've never been sure exactly what is I wish to say, or ask for that matter.

In the early 1970's, I can't remember exactly when, I lived with some people in a rural area in southern Ontario. It was sort of a communal thing, with eight unrelated people living under one roof trying to find some sort of enlightenment together. This "family" was together for five or six months already when I came upon the scene. Two members were leaving to live elsewhere which left a vacant room and I asked for the chance to join them. These people were not involved with occult or mystical ideas but were interested in being or becoming "clear" or "free" and finding themselves. Perhaps I should mention their ages ranged from seventeen to thirty-two, the two girls being the youngest.

I was invited to the "farm" one evening to chat and therefore be scrutinized to see if I was acceptable to several of the people who had no previous relationships with me. It was an enjoyable evening and I was invited to stay the night. I made a "bed" from sofa cushions on the floor in the kitchen and settled down for the night. I was

on the verge of sleeping when something or someone rapped me on my head as if with a knuckle. It startled me to say the least, but there was no one in the room when I looked up. It was winter time and the winter stars cast some light into the room so I could see somewhat. Passing it off to imagination I lay down to sleep again and once more when I was on the verge of sleep something rapped me on the head. This time I was frightened, there was no one in the room, yet this was definitely not my imagination. Not wanting to embarrass myself trying to explain something I couldn't and not wanting to disturb the household I laid down again and tried to dismiss the experience. This time again, on the verge of sleep, something or someone hit me on my head. I was terrified by now but unharmed. I picked up my covers and went and slept on the couch in the adjoining room where the rest of the night past uneventfully.

I recounted my experiences the next morning to my friends, fully expecting some sort of scorn, but was surprised by their admitting, yes there was something in the house that they could not explain but they would hear it moving about upstairs sometimes during the day. No one ever went to find out what it was.

I was admitted to come and stay at the "farm" and was given the unoccupied room upstairs, of course. There were two rooms in that part of the house, one a bed-

room and the other a room used for sewing. One night shortly after having moved in, I awoke from my sleep with the sound of a thousand bees buzzing in my head and strong vibrations coursing through my body. I was never so thoroughly terrified in my life; it was beyond my explanation or experience. As soon as my fear began, the vibrations subsided much to my relief and I went back to sleep. The next night, same occurence, same unrelenting fear, same reaction, the vibration and buzzing subsided. By this time I was thoroughly convinced that whatever had hit me on the head was trying to get into my body and displace me, for whatever reason I did not know. Why didn't I leave if I was so frightened? Curiosity. If you'll excuse my expression, although I was scared shitless, I was still curious. The third consecutive night I awoke from my sleep, my head singing with the vibrations, I lay there and mentally said, "okay, okay come on in." I was sure something was going to come into my body and I was really frightened, but I had to know. To my surprise the vibrations became stronger and suddenly I felt my self floating upward straight off my bed. The novelty of the situation was overwhelming and suddenly the experience was over.

Approximately a year later I was in Winnipeg, Manitoba, when I ran across the first edition of your book "Journeys" in a library on Portage Ave. I was delighted, per-

haps this book would supply some answers. It did. I am thankful for your book. Perhaps five years later I came across a copy of the second edition in Kamloops, British Columbia and I snatched it up right away. I go back to the book and read it quite frequently as I really do enjoy reading of your experiences. It has helped me out too some of my own "oobe's" when I remember things to read in your book. Most of my projections are spontaneous and are not developed sequentially as you learned to do, although it is in my mind to develop it more. But when I do wake up in the vibrational state, ready for traveling, I try the different things you suggest. For example the roll-out technique. I like the feel of that one. The other night I found myself ready for an experience and something was tethering me around my ankles. I remembered your suggestion to relax and upon doing so found myself free of the annoyance.

If it is still possible could I get some more information on technique? I am greatly intrigued by your institution and your explorations. Beams, do you have something about them?

Some of my past "experiences" have been rather disconcerting and I am looking for parallels or confirmation. I realize, I hope, that my interpretations are suspect, but repeats are disconcerting. I refer to experiences where upon I find myself in the presence of two? three? entities whose intelligence and

power are beyond words, but always a feeling of no emotions as known by humans. Since then how I have ~~am~~ been "operated" upon, something was changed within me, almost as if I were a machine. I have been definitely left with the impression these beings are somehow responsible for my creation. I wish I could convey the melancholy these experiences left me with. They are very confusing and almost seem to drain me of my will to survive. My curiosity begs for answers but I'm not sure if I am emotionally mature to handle them. Anyways, does this sound familiar in any way? I have other questions, many questions, but I've talked a lot already, maybe too much.

I hope to hear from you.

Sincerely

[redacted]